

were about to ransack the apartment. The door opened; there was a sound of a grip dropping on the floor with a thump, a quick step across the hall and Dick stood in the doorway of the living room.

It seemed to me that I screamed and then I knew no more for quite a while. When I came to myself Dick was chafing my hands.

There was a smell of camphor and my night dress and the bedclothes seemed saturated with it. For a minute or two I did not realize what had happened. Then Dick brought me to myself by saying: "What is the matter, Margie? Why are you all alone? Why did you faint?" When he asked this, even though he had me in his arms, I flamed with anger.

"I expect I am alone because my husband sees fit to stay away from me for over a week without letting me know where he was."

Dick's voice had that exasperating quality as though he were explaining to a child. "But, Margie, you know I had to go to see Jack, who was very ill."

"Jack was well enough to leave the hospital two days ago and well enough so that you could leave the city, ostensibly to come home, the day before he left."

Dick's face grew red. "Been spying!" he exclaimed contentiously.

"No, but things here have come to such a pass that I thought it necessary for you to come home and so I telephoned the hospital and they gave me the information as a matter of course."

Dick rushed for the evening paper and as he read the item about Mr. Hatton's going away and that he was in pursuit of him, his one comment was "H——!"

(To Be Continued Monday.)

MARY FULLER LIKES MOVIE FANS AND SHE LIKES TO GET LETTERS FROM THEM

BY MARY FULLER

(Written specially for The Day Book)
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CHAPTER VI.

The young actress on the "legitimate" stage is used to "mash" notes, to love notes, to letters inviting her to go out to supper, to bouquets with little missives concealed in them.

The movie actress necessarily gets a different kind of correspondence because, so often, she is not in the city where her acting or her personality have made an impression.

For instance, as these chats are intensely personal, take my own case. Films of myself have appeared in many cities and countries where I will, perhaps, never set foot. Naturally, if I please an audience in some such faraway land I will not get the ordinary "mash" note or love note. What I do get are the kind of letters that often hearten one on a blue day,

a rainy day, a day that has gone all wrong, somehow.

There are letters telling me how some lonely cowpunchers way out in Wyoming liked me in a certain film and how he would like to have my picture for his room in the ranch house. Or it may be from a sheep herder in faraway New Zealand, or from a farmer in South Africa. But, of course, many of my letters, if not most, come from young girls here at home.

The cynical may call it a mixture of gush and slush, but there is not one whose heart is not touched by such frank, friendly admiration, which is without a thought of guile or selfishness. It is a pleasure to send such girls your photo, duly autographed.

My movie fans are very dear to me and many packages containing hundreds of letters neatly tied up and inscribed, attest my appreciation. I keep them as medicine when I am